Bloomfield Record.

LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Moomfield Record

Local Newspaper.

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LOCAL AFFAIRS, GENERAL NEWS

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Miscellany.

A MAN WITH AN AIM.

Give me a man with an aim, Whatever that aim may be, Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame It matters not to me. Let him walk in the path of right, And keep his aim in sight. And work and pray in faith away, With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says, "I will do something well.

And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell." Though the sim he has be small, With something to do the whole year through, He will not stumble or fall.

Where the path may lead away. The man who hath no aim Not only leaves no name When this life's done, but ten to one

Give me a man whose heart Is filled with ambition's fire ; Who sets his mark in the start And moves it higher and higher. The hands with labor rife.

Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream, And live a purposeless life.

VARIETIES A color that has never been seen-Blind

man's buff. When sleighirg is \$10 an hour, it is best to obey the scriptural injunction and sleigh

Two families recently chipped together and made a wedding present of a teapot costing about a dollar.

A good farmer put up a notice at his garden gate, which read as follows: "Boys, don't take these melons, for they are green, and God sees yer."

One Western editor pleasantly says of another: He is guilty of more crimes than the imperitent thief, and of falsehoods that would have appalled Ananias." Jones says he always makes up his mind

dance, length and beauty of his tail, for it's a well-attested fact that "all's well that ends a very awkward predicament in which to from the mantel and marched out into the you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?"

regarding the value of a horse by the abun-

'Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you A Sacramento dealer in hair oil, who sold on the principle of "no cure, no pay," has sued one of his baldheaded customers and the latter demands a baldheaded jury, in or-

der that he may be tried by his peers. A gentleman in Missouri drew all his money out of the bank during the late panic and long while. put it in nobody knows where. Then he died suddenly, and his heirs are wildly prospecting in all sorts of probable and impro-

They have a mud-hole in Bannington so deep that small children are frequently lost anything about it, 'cause our folks are just out of children; but for the sake of our suffering neighbors, we call attention to the

The Savannah News says a negro was buried alive in a well at Butler recently. His friends dug down to him in about four hours, and found him alive and well. He said that he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more

A clergyman at the examination of the young scholars of his Sunday school, put the following question : "Why did the people of Israel set up a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't money enough to set up an ox,'

dollar-and-cents view of the matter, A boy was put into a boiler in Dubuque. that were being driven from the outside. When the boiler was done the hole was found too small to let the boy out. They took off his clothes and greased him, but cutting with cold chisel by six men finally released him—nearly spoiling a good boiler,

Bloomfeld, N. J. A person applying to the Judge of Pro-Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice | bate for a letter of administration, walks up Judge of Probate, sir," answered the Judge. "Ah! all the same, I suppose," said the est infidel, the business naturally dissolves on me and if you will grant me a letter of

Women, Wine and War.

lished in Middletown, makes the following comments on the temperance crusade now tion. existing in many parts of the country :

ness in our country has become alarming, rights of any portion of our citizens is a far catch him. Not that they cared anything world to do-"likes not they'll have to all pernicious results. The former producing Edwin Forrest. the latter invariably tends to bigotry, pro- laden with the spoils of the sea in the shade life. scription, persecution and blood.

HOW RICH. RAN AWAY.

Rich was curled up on the lounge in the sitting-room, reading a new book. Just such a book it was as fourteen-year-old boys generally take to, in which the hero invariably runs away from curel task-masters-starting in life with a jump from a four-story window- all his worldly possessions tied up in a little bundle and slung upon his back. Then he goes "a sailoring," and hair-breadth escapes follow closely on the heels of exciting adventures, just as I've seen the big waves tumble and break upon the shore, rolling in one after another.

during a heavy gale. Well, as I said before, Rich was reading just such a book—his eyes sparkling—his breath coming quicker as he scanned some unusually exciting passage. He had reached the point where his hero, having fallen into the hands of pirates, was about being walked over the side of the vessel on a nar-

row plank, when Mr. Thorne came in. "Rich, I shall expect you to do the chores

with a very black face. Will's turn."

"Will has something else to attend to, yawn. and even if he hadn't-you know I'm accustomed to having my children mind what I say to them."

"But-" your work, and then you will enjoy your home and do the work." Yet on the whole

"I'll go," he grumbled, "just as soon-" propitious. leave his hero-perched on a plank above hall and up stairs without a word.

in it, and the Gazette says: "We don't care he arrived at that culmination, he walked would have lelt his head behind sooner than

coming, he thrust his knife and work out of was all. sight, and fell to whistling unconcernedly, leaning his chin on his hands.

was the reply of a little chap, who took a neither looking to the right nor left. Will pole and rocked the building as a woman Iowa, to hold a hammer against the rivets had closed it. The laugh was nothing-a pleasent night for Rich's experience in very good natured laugh it was, indeed, but running away.

still he wouldn't go through. Three hours but set there before the fire and giggle!" er the brick hearth as Mr. Thorne prepar hunky. Like's not he's afraid his pet'll grasped his satchel. Now was his time. and raps. The Judge bids him walk in, soil his hands. Bah!" and Rich gave the "I-really-believe I-will," he said slowly, of brimstone, as the window slid up. his eyes like two moons, "I'll go this very Elder Beebe, in the Signs of the Times, pub- night!" nodding sagaciously to Brind e. him gasp and catch his breath and gasp And Brindle didn't offer the least objec- again. He got out on the shed without

ing, him in the morning, and he thought and himself, so he let the former "slide." Truly the pernicious effects of drunken- how conscience-stricken that gentleman | Bump! It struck the ground below with a and any temperate movement for its suppres- his son was gone-driven from home by his ly bethought himself of the liniment. sion should be appreciated and encouraged; cruelty. This presented another question. but a desecration of the sacred institution Should he or should he not, leave a he ejaculated. "It'll spail my necktie, sure, of prayer, and profanation of the holy name note informing his distressed family whither if it gets on to it, and my suit, too. I'll of the Lord, when used in a belligerent as- he had fled? Decided in the negative, have to go down myself and see to it-" sault upon the constitutional and legalized They might follow him and likely enough if going down was the simplest thing in the greater abomination than that which it aims for him, but they would bring him back to be taken out." to cure. Dreadful as is the consequence of do the chores; anything but that! Rich struck intemperate dripking of whisky, the intoxi- 1a "death before dishonor" attitude, with the cation produced by the wine of mystery, pail of milk in one hand and the stool in Babylon the Great, is far more fearful in its the other, which might have delighted proverty, degradation and disgrace, while Thon he pictured himself coming home,

away that night.

great boxes piled high with wood, and Rich blazing fire, when his father said : "Richard, you have done nicely. Now I fainted.

want you to make up your mind to do as well all the week, without asking any ques-

Rich didn't answer, but his thoughts ran something like this: "All right, sir. If I'm here I'll do Will's work for him all winter. I think you won't

find me in the morning, Mr. Thorne." And then he took his book, and that hero proceeded to get himself out of the hands of the pirates by a series of turns and twists, and haps and mishaps; doubtless all perfectly comprehended and religiously believed by Rich, but which sets my head in a

whirl even to think of. Somehow, the book was not so interestto-night." The lad addressed looked up ing as before, and when he had seen Jack Mainsel safely stowed away in a hammock, "Why, father, I did them yesterday. It's swung on board on board a vessel bound for the North Pole, he laid it down with a

"Where's Will?"

"He went over to stay with Charlie Case to-night," Mr. Thorne answered.

"Yes," Rich thought, indignantly, "he "I want no arguments, Rich. Go and do can go off galivanting, and I have to stay at he wasn't sorry, for Will was his bedfellow, Rich scowled and settled back to his book and hadn't he been wondering how he should get away from him? Truly the fates were

"Richard!" Rich knew what that meant It was hardly eight o'clock when Rich got -trouble ahead in the form of a horsewhip up and walked to the fire, stretching and or a birch withe, if he did not obey. So he opening his mouth wide ever so many times. got up and laid his book on the mantel, Very poor imitations those "sleepy sympscowling all the while. It certainly did seem | toms" were, too. Then he took a candle

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue, New the "boiling waves"—his hands fastened He didn't go to bed, oh, no. In the first York, met a laborer, to whom he said : Will behind him, and multitudinous sharks place he took his new satchel-his father's below, snapping their sharp, white fangs gift-down from its nail on the wall, and in anticipation of a feast, but Rich couldn't proceeded to "pack up" such things as he help himself very well, so he contented him- thought he might want on the voyage-he self with setting his teeth together hard, was to be a sailar, you know. I wish you wrinkling his forehead up into great big could have seen him. The thermometer on scowls, and glowering like a wild animal, the back porch said-six degrees below zero, all the time he was putting on his cap and and when Rich had been up stairs five minmitten: - which took him an unaccountably utes, his teeth were chattering like a mag pie's, if you know how that is. And the Rich had a big bunch of obstinacy under "necessaries" he put into that satchel the shock of tow-colored hair which adorned | First was his "loudest" necktie-I must beg his pate; even after he had got his ears muf- of you not to smile—that necktie, a combifled up to suit himself, having taken off and ration of yellow and purple silk, was the put on his scarf half a dozen times before delight of Rich's existence. I fancy he to the window and stood looking out into it-then a silver pin his uncle had given the fading light of the cold, November sun- him a pair of white cotton gloves, which set, until his father spoke again. Then he he had worn to Sunday school in the summer-thirty-five cents in cash-"Arabian Will was in the kitchen whittling away at Nights," his last Christmas present-his gosomething by the fire. He was a real me- to-meeting suit, and a bottle of liniment chanic, his father said. When he heard Rich | which happened to be on the table. That

Then he waited, I think he was just a little nervous-frighted-whatever you may The sight roused Rich's ire. He got the call it. The wind blew fearfully, shaking milk-pail and marched through the kitchen | the house, Rich thought, as though a giant with a face blacker than a thundercloud- had laid his two strong hands on the ridgelaughed, when the door shut with a "slam- would a cradle. The blinds rattled and bang!" very much as if a heavy gust of wind | windows shook. Altogether it wasn't a very

It seemed such a long time before the "S'pose he things he's got nothing to do welcome sound of the andiron scraping ovthat young man muttered fiercely. 'Father'll ed to "rake up" the fires reached his ears, make me do his work and that'll be all but in a little while all was still. Rich

He might have gone down stairs and out when the stranger inquires: Does the Judge barn door a kick, which, in his heart, he of the front door in the orthodox fashion, of Reprobate reside here ?" "I am the might have simed at his brother. "Wonder without detection. But no; that wouldn't if he tninks I'm going to do his work for do. Jack got out of a window on to a shed, stranger. "My father died detested, and him all winter? Not if I know myself, I ain't," and out of the window on to a shed he must left a number of fatherless scorpions, of he went on taking the milking-stool from its get. He tugged away at the stubborn sach which I am chief. As it is, and being old- wooden peg, "he'll find himself mightily until his hands were scraped and his fingers mistaken if that's his game. I can run away blue and cold, when he suddenly recollectcondemnation, I will see you handsomely just like Jack Mainsel did," and Rich paus- ed that he hadn't pressed the spring. Someed for a moment as if to consider the idea. body said something that savored strongly

Goodness! how the wind blew, It made much difficulty, and managed to stand very When once the idea of running away had well by holding fast to the window-sill, but The secular and religious newspapers are found its way into the web of Rich's imag- how was he to get down? The roof was publishing far and wide the frenzied raid of inings, it grew and grew until he wondered steep, and owing to a recent sleety rain, enthusiastic woman against the saloons and why in the world he hadn't thought of it very slippery. He soon found he could not other places where intoxicating liquors are before. He seemed to hear his father call- regulate the movements of both his satchel

would feel when he should discover that queer, dull little crash, and Rich immediate-

"There. I clear forgot that greasy stuff!"

Rich let go of the window.

"Ea-sy, now-e-a-s-y!" But it was quite too late to be "easy now!" Rich went rolling, bumping, clattering earth in the nots dry and harden almost to pitching, tumbling down the icy incline. clutching at the rough boards for dear

of gold eagles. Whether he intended to It seemed to him the frozen ground flew winter.

turn pirate or not I cannot say. At all up to meet him. Something struck his arm events, he was fully resolved on running a heavy blow. He groped around for his satchel, but he couldn't find it. His head The chores were done at last; the two felt cold and dull, and when he put his hand up to it something dripped down his fingers. was warming his numbed fingers before the Everything began to swim about him, blending into a mass of blackness. Then he

> Freeze? No indeed, although I'm not quite sure but he deserved to. When he came to himself, he was lying on the lounga in the sitting-room. His arm pained him dreadfully. The doctor was there and his father looking very grave. His mother had been crying. Rich wondered what for, but somehow he didn't feel like asking questions, so he shut his eyes and turned his

face to the wall. For two long months Rich kept his bed. First with brain fever from the cut in his head, and then till the broken arm should knit. During the latter part of the time, you may be sure he had abundant leisure for reflection. One day when he could just

sit up, Will brought in a new sled. "There, Rich. That's what I was mak, ing for your birthday present the week you you-tumbled off the shed."

And Rich turned toward the wall again. He didn't care to look any one in the face just then. What was the reason I won-

Not a word was said to Rich about that little tumble. His father thought he had been punished quite enough. But when he got down stairs and out of doors he took it upon himself to do the "chores" for a year

as a "peace-work." he said. Now, the year is more than up but still he brings wood and water without a grumble, and Katy, the maid of all work, often says, "It's raal wonderful wat a power o' good that broken arm o' your'n did do,

But I don't think Rich quite agrees with

Treading on their Dresses. A young man who wants to become ac; manted with the innermost workings of woman's heart, will find a short route to it by treading on her dress, in fact the route is so short and tempestuous that it will make his head swim. A Sunday-school boy will earn more of a woman's nature in a minute spent in listening to the gathers of her dress rip, than any other boy will in a year. We remember well the Madonna face and the genuine devotion of our gentle teacher, as with bowed head she peeped under the shorter catechism at the male teachers, and tucked up the stray curl or two under her bonnet. Sugar wouldn't have melted in that girl's mouth-if a boy hadn't trod on her dress. She had on hoops and we couldn't get our foot loose until she had planted two or three pelts under one ear. It gave us a dangerous pase of mumps for a week. But she was a nice girl, though we see her husband carry his head one sided sometimes now. We know how it is. The most impressive home lessons too are often learned by treading on their dresses. We trod on a cousin's dress once while her beau was in the room. We knew from the way she said "it made no difference a-t-a-l-l," that the debate would be resumed after the House adjourned. And it was. Some of her arguments made our ears ring. We shall always believe those skirts had something to do with the Eden disaster. According to all accounts Acam got along very well as long as Eve wore short dresses, but directly she got skirts he had to move next door. We hate to speak of a lady, who is dead, that vay, but we shall always believe that was the way it happened. Even the maternal bosom is liable to be thus unlocked, and a man may spend happy hours looking back at the past and recalling the bright vision of the angel face of his sainted mother, in a trail, hovering over him with a trunk

ARE PLANTS IN ROOMS UNHEALTHPUL?-We have answered No a number of times, but the question still comes, probably from new subscribers. The atmosphere of a green house crowded with plants has been analyzed, and found to be not essentially different from ordinary air, If it were unhealthful to breathe the air in which plants were growing we who live in the country should show it, and those who during summer camp out the woods would hardly find the health they seek. There is no danger in sleeping in a room with plants. A whole roomful can not affect the air nearly as much as an additional person or the burning of a nightlamp. The fact that certain odors of flowers are unpleasant to persons particularly sensitive to such things is another matter. It is usually a case of individual peculiarity, and easily remedied by removing the offending plant. - Agriculturist.

HINTS FOR THE CONSERVATORY. - Calla lilies, it is said, can be made splendidly thrifty for indoors in winter, by a summer-baking accomplished thus: In June place the pots containing them on their sides under a tree, or in any shady place, and there leave them without attention, until September. The leaves will of course wither away, and the the consistency of brick. Upon being taken indoors in the autumn and watered thenceforth daily, the plants will soon start into vigorous growth and bear noble flowers all

